

THE SHOES THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

Fantastic Feminine Footwear This Unusual Season of 1915 Has Brought to Fifth Avenue.

By JANE DIXON.

THE shoes that bloom in the spring—well, they have bloomed before, but never quite so hectically as in this spring of 1915. To use the expression of the woman who buys, they are "positively weird." To use the expression of the mere man who pays the piper—or perhaps the shoemaker would be better in this case—they are "some shoes." Also they are shoes that are somewhat different.

Different how? Different in every way. Take laces, for instance. Time was when the place for a shoe to lace was straight up the front, where rhyme and reason would naturally place a fastening of that sort. Not so now. Any shoe that crisscrosses up the front is hopelessly out of date.

Front laces are not being used this season in the best shoe circles. Up the inside, up the outside, up the back, any place at all but the regular place, is the decree of fashion. As for buttons, they are absolutely taboo. A button shoe stands as much chance on Fifth Avenue to-day as a chocolate ice cream soda at a champagne dinner.

Across the way there lives a young woman who issues forth every morning, her tiny feet shod in fawn colored kid. Even after the most careful observation, front view, one must conclude the shoes were made first and the feet then poured into them. But the back view, that tells a different story. The shoes are laced up the back and fastened half way up to the knee by means of a very natty little bow.

How can it be done without a maid? It cannot except by contortionists, and I am certain the young woman is no contortionist. Her husband is 50 and fat and wheezes a bit as he walks. Since the appearance of the fawn colored kids he has mopped his brow

more frequently and looks to be losing weight. They say stooping exercises will accomplish this, so after all the kids are accomplishing something else besides just being fashionable.

And by the way, what has become of the old fashioned husband who used to complain about having to button his wife's waist up the back? Why, that husband had a sinecure. What would he say to the new fangled notion of getting down on his knees and wrestling with a set of obstreperous shoe laces, with the tips of pearls and sixteen holes to go? The things he said about the collar button that rolled under the bureau would be childish chatter in comparison with his verbal

opinion of the latest brainstorm in shoes. Then there is another idea which might be called "slippers." In this case the laces are dispensed with altogether. Here is where you have to wiggle into your shoes. If you have nothing to spend but money and time you will find this style entirely satisfactory. With the "slippers" time is most important.

Suppose, for example, you have an engagement to lunch at your favorite restaurant with your favorite friend. The hour is 1 o'clock. At 10 o'clock you ease out of bed, don your boudoir slippers, walk about for a while. At half past 10 you insert your great toe into the first of the "slippers." By wiggling faithfully and unflinchingly until half past 12 victory will be yours and you may patter down the pavement with all the pride of one who knows vogue and observes it at any cost.

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Another martyrdom for the husband.



Observing the underworld in New York.



Light, fantastic toes along the Avenue.

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the avenue of afternoons and who drop in at one of the swaggers, places later for a sip of orange pekoe have flattened their feet in the fashion dictated by dear old London.

Now the girls have gone and cast their lot with Russia. What they like about Russia is the cute little Cossack boots of that country. These boots are made of softest leather like unto a kid glove. They are a trifle higher than the ordinary shoe. The smartest of them have a turn down cuff around the top in a contrasting shade of leather.

And right here is where great-grandfather's bootjack is due to be routed out of the attic and placed in the midst of the necessities of life. The only successful way to deal with a boot is by means of a bootjack. The bootjack need not be the despised weapon it once was. It can be covered with silk and doped up with bows or knots of flowers to harmonize with the boudoir fittings.

Understand that this craze for the uncanny in shoes is by no means confined to frivolous femininity. Man, the scoffer at fads and fancies, is doing it too.

Does Mr. Good Dresser order a suit of black and white checks? He does. And he hastens from the tailor's to the bootmaker's, where he hands over enough of the black and white check to make tops for shoes. The shoes are striped and patched and dotted with patent leather until they look as if they had been designed by the Aztec Indians.

With his new spring suits Mr. Good Dresser wears shoes with fawn or pearl gray or white tops, according to the general trend of the color scheme. The leather itself is pinked and etched and scalloped. Whereas once the prime factor in selecting his shoes was to have his feet comfortable and look neat, the present purpose is to resemble as nearly as possible a part of a Barnum & Bailey parade.

To sit along the side lines and watch the feet in a favorite fox trottery—my word! The scene is such as you would expect to flash across the fevered brain of a shoemaker who had been dining heavily on Welsh rabbit and mince pie. White shoes with green tips, green shoes with white tips, Cossack boots of scarlet leather, blue shoes with red back laces, purple shoes with gilt insertions, low shoes, high shoes, square, round and pointed shoes, shoes with and without and.

The burning question of the hour is: "Where will the women lace their shoes next?"

Imagination staggers under the strain. Nothing remains in the way of novelty lacings for women. But the men folk. What picture the mornings when the domestic sea will be churned by such a question as whether the wife shall lace her husband's shoes up the back first or whether the husband shall lace the wife's. See the broker of ample girth sitting with leg extended and foot twisted while his Man Friday fusses with the inside fastening of his footgear.

Harrowing days are ahead if these shoe spasms are allowed to continue. Tempers are testy enough without this added burden. The thin ice of domestic bliss will surely crack if the weight of shoe lacing is added to that of waist binding, darning and button sewing.

Here is a happy suggestion. Why not, possible this summer and wear sandals?

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CITIZENSHIP CLASSES FOR ALIENS REFLECT NEW SPIRIT



Woman's class in citizenship conducted in a shop.

NEW spirit of citizenship is spreading all over the country. This movement for reciprocal understanding between the native American citizen and the prospective naturalized immigrant is the spirit of brotherhood and fellowship. While we are remembering the hatred and jealousy of the citizens of the various countries of Europe who are at present killing one another, this new spirit of citizenship realizes that in America there are 13,000,000 immigrants, the majority of whom were born in these very countries which are at war and that only the spirit of American citizenship can make them "one people and one nation in the land of opportunity."

This spirit of American citizenship is national in scope and is coordinating the courts of naturalization, the boards of education, private agencies and patriotic organizations. Definite results have already been accomplished from coast to coast, particularly in the cities of New York, Cleveland, St. Louis and Los Angeles. The alien labor law controversy, which so vitally affected the construction of the new subway, increased greatly the number of naturalization applicants in the courts of New York city. Citizenship classes are being

held by various agencies for applicants for citizenship. Their purpose is not to prepare naturalization applicants to answer in a perfunctory manner certain questions asked at the naturalization hearing by the Judge, but to train for good, efficient and devoted American citizenship. The Young Men's Christian Association of New York city has divided the city into five citizenship centres and gives instruction in civics to naturalization applicants. Visits to public buildings, stereopticon lectures on our Government and mock naturalization hearings are all included. Similar work is being done by settlement houses and the Jewish Educational Alliance.

In several cities the naturalization officers and the school authorities work hand in hand not only to make these applicants citizens by law only but citizens in spirit as well. In St. Louis, when an alien makes application for his first citizenship papers he receives a card which advises him that he cannot become an American citizen unless he speaks English and that the public evening schools teach English to immigrants free of charge. Los Angeles has developed a remarkable cooperation between the Board of Education and the Naturalization Court. Special citizenship classes are conducted. These are organized by the clerks of the Naturalization Court furnishing the names of applicants to the Board of Education, which then sends the applicants a letter of invitation to take advantage of the opportunity to study American Government by attending a citizenship class. Every student who attends faithfully one of these classes and fulfills a certain standard receives a school diploma which is recognized by the Judge of the Naturalization Court.

HARVARD'S WAR ON SLANG

If we don't watch Harvard closely the boys up there behind their tortoise shells are polishing their cheating tools to take the slang right out of our "language." John Waterman, the Harvard catcher on the baseball team, has declared himself as thinking it rude, repulsive and unrefined, and the other boys in the neighborhood where the boys are commonly supposed to grow attitudes have agreed with him. Shades of George M. Cohan, George Ade and Chuck Connors!

If Harvard is successful in the movement to put a muffer on its conversation when it comes to slang, then these United States are going to be lugging with tongue-tied folks. An investigation has proved there is a distinct opposition to this movement in various centres, which list does not include Boston. An interview with Miss Kay Laurel of the Ziegfeld Follies, however, demonstrated that the chorus and soloists are in favor of the purifying of the language.

"What do you think of the idea of limiting the language to the dictionary?" she was asked.

"Take it from me, I'm for it," she readily replied. "Some of the slang you hear around this town would drive you right off your egg. Put me down for the pure language league."

"Perhaps it might be well to look further into the source of the movement, for the conservation of conversation. Growing up with baseball in the last few years, I have seen expressions have become a part of the game. Some of these phrases are:

"At a boy!"

"Now you've got him in the hole."

"Keep a workin'!"

"A little pepper."

John Waterman of Harvard contends this loose talk is foolish. Mr. Waterman catches or rather receives on the Crimmon team, and on his experience, he says pepper perpetuates the nine no good. He believes it gets the boys into bad conversation habits, and he declares it does not give a club any particular vigor. In other words, he does not imagine the talkative team has any bulge on its opponents. On the contrary, this loose as ashes conversation only uses up energy.

"I want to see college men on the field talk the same language they use in the classroom and which their parents send them to college to learn," he declares.

Now it seems the Waterman suggestion has got the Harvard boys all worked up with enthusiasm, and Bos-

ton itself is excited over the nation. Poets are polishing their glasses and the town is hiding behind a hectic flush conversationally. The thought has spread to other colleges in New England, and auditors at ball games are able to write the dictionary from what they hear on the college diamond this spring.

But the best authorities contend it will never spread to the big leagues unless Dummy Taylor is converted. McGraw, Stallings, Wild Bill Donovan and all the best people are against it. McGraw has on his team a young Cuban pitcher who is accustomed to expressing himself in Spanish and whose knowledge of English is limited to dining room dialogues. These are brief, but pointed. The waiter says:

"What will you have?"

"Bring what you've got," answers Palmero.

Well, Palmero was warming up at the Polo Grounds one day and Chief Meyers was doing the catching. The Chief knew very well that the young Cuban was not familiar with any English except the phrase mentioned above and the chorus of "Tipperary."

Yet, as Palmero worked along, the Chief exuded chipper conversation: "Stick it over," "Let's have this one," "Now you're pitching," etc.

"I believe it would reduce the efficiency of my team 30 per cent. to cut out slang," said McGraw.

"The team couldn't stand it in its present health," I told him. "Tell them to talk more."

George M. Cohan is very much perturbed over this tendency which has broken out at Harvard like the five feet of books and other famous institutions.

"Take it from me, it would be awful," he asserted. "The dictionary rights to the Lamb and Priests wouldn't be worth a nickel. Why, if we did that lots of people would be mistaking us for Englishmen and we would have to wear American flags all the time to prove an ally."

So the young men of our nation are trying to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery of our language which the baseball writers, cartoonists, chorus girls, George M. Cohan, song writers, George Ade, Chuck Connors and others have spent so much time putting into the carmine of condition. If the Waterman set has its way all our brows will be so elevated that they will look like the dome of the Columbia Library or Grant's Tomb.

It will be tough for a lot of people to learn the new language. Perhaps

a recent meeting every official of the city of any prominence spoke of. "What the City Government of New York City is doing," he said.

The new spirit of America is the hearts of naturalized citizens who are welcomed into American citizenship by this national movement of brotherhood and fellowship for a higher and more dignified standard of naturalization. The courts of naturalization, Boards of Education and social agencies, through cooperation and coordination, are showing the way to unite in Americanizing the immigrant and humanizing ourselves.

Probably the greatest sufferer from such a reform would be Billy Sunday, who follows the quotations on the slang market closely. Just imagine him preaching a sermon in the style which Mr. Waterman wants followed by the Harvard baseball team. The part in the middle of the sawdust trail would not even be missed and he would have to "wave the flag" to get results.

Taking it by and large the language as it stands does not appear to be endangered by the movement at Harvard. There are folks to be counted upon in the crisis to stand off the crimson drive against slang. If an effort should be made to build up a new dictionary and include the latest styles in short cut expressions, the suffragists might make it a plank in their platform, but nix on the purifying of the language, except of course, in a Lord Macaulay masterpiece of this sort.

Let's leave the pen in the puffer of the U. S. A.

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